THE

OLD MAID.

A

COMEDY

In TWO ACTS,

As it is PERFORMED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.

By Mr. MURPHY.

Tempus erit, quo tu, quæ nunc excludis amantem,
Frigida Desertâ Nocte jacebis Anus.

OVID.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

AS the OLD MAID is now adventuring into the world, it would be proper to acquaint the mere Engliſh reader, that the ſubject of it, and part of the fable, were taken from a *little piece*, in one act, called, *L'Etourderie*, by Monſieur *Fagan*, but that the author of theſe ſcenes is ſenſible, how ſuperfluous that information will be rendered by the aſſiduity of ſome people, who, no doubt, will make a notable diſcovery of this prodigious crime, and preſs it home with all the reproaches of *plagiariſm*, *pilfering*, *borrowing*, *robbing*, *tranſlating*, &c. But while this writer can add any thing to the decent amuſements of the public, he is willing to be abuſed for it, in whatever manner the illiberal ſhall think fit.

LINCOLN'S INN,
Nov. 18, 1761.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

CLERIMONT,	Mr. OBRIEN.
Capt. CAPE,	Mr. KING.
Mr. HARLOW,	Mr. KENNEDY.
Mr. HEARTWELL,	Mr. PHILLIPS.
FOOTMAN,	Mr. CASTLE.

WOMEN.

Mrs. HARLOW,	Miſs HAUGHTON.
Miſs HARLOW,	Miſs KENNEDY.
TRIFLE,	Miſs HIPPISLEY.

THE OLD MAID.

ACT I.

Enter Mrs. HARLOW *and Miſs* HARLOW.

Mrs. HARLOW.

MY dear ſiſter, let me tell you—

Miſs HARLOW.

But, my dear ſiſter, let me tell you it is in vain; you can ſay nothing that will have any effect.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Not if you won't hear me—only hear me——

Miſs HARLOW.

Oh! ma'am, I know you love to hear yourſelf talk, and ſo pleaſe yourſelf;---but I am reſolved——

Mrs. HARLOW.

Your reſolution may alter.

Miſs HARLOW.

Never.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Upon a little conſideration.

Miſs HARLOW.

Upon no conſideration.

Mrs. HARLOW.

You don't know how that may be---recollect, ſiſter, that you are no chicken---you are not now of the age that becomes giddineſs and folly.

Miſs HARLOW.

Age, ma'am---

Mrs. HARLOW.

Do but hear me, ſiſter---do but hear me--A perſon of your years——

Miſs HARLOW.

My years, ſiſter!—Upon my word——

Mrs. HARLOW.

Nay, no offence, ſiſter——

Miſs HARLOW.

But there is offence, ma'am;—I don't underſtand what you mean by it---always thwarting me with my years---my years, indeed!

deed!---when perhaps, ma'am, if I was to die of old age, ſome folks might have reaſon to look about them.

Mrs. HARLOW.

She feels it I ſee---oh! I delight in mortifying her----(*aſide*)---ſiſter, if I did not love you I am ſure I ſhould not talk to you in this manner---But how can you make ſo unkind a return now as to alarm me about myſelf?---in ſome ſixteen or eighteen years after you, to be ſure, I own I ſhall begin to think of making my will---How could you be ſo ſevere?——

Miſs HARLOW.

Some ſixteen or eighteen years, ma'am!---If you would own the truth, ma'am,---I believe ma'am,---you would find, ma'am, that the diſparity, ma'am, is not ſo very great, ma'am——

Mrs. HARLOW.

Well! I vow paſſion becomes you inordinately——It blends a few roſes with the lillies of your cheek, and——

Miſs HARLOW.

And tho' you are married to my brother, ma'am, I would have you to know, ma'am, that you are not thereby any way authoriſed, ma'am, to take unbecoming liberties with his ſiſter.——I am independent of my brother, ma'am,---my fortune is in my own hands, ma'am, and ma'am——

Mrs. HARLOW.

Well! do you know now when your blood circulates a little, that I think you look mighty well?——But you was in the wrong not to marry at my age---ſweet three and twenty!——you can't conceive what a deal of good it would have done your temper and your ſpirits, if you had married early——

Miſs HARLOW.

Inſolent!--- provoking---female malice——

Mrs. HARLOW.

But to be waiting till it is almoſt too late in the day, and force one's ſelf to ſay ſtrange things;——with the tongue and heart at variance all the time——"I don't mind the hideous men"——"I am very happy as I am"——and all that time, my dear, dear ſiſter——to be upon the tenter-hooks of expectation——

Miſs HARLOW.

I upon tenter-hooks!——

Mrs. HARLOW.

And to be at this work of four grapes, till one is turned of three and forty——

Miſs HARLOW.

Three and forty, ma'am!——I deſire, ſiſter——I deſire, ma'am——three and forty, ma'am——

Mrs. HARLOW.

Nay---nay---nay---don't be angry---don't blame me---blame my huſband; he is your

own brother, you know, and he knows your age——He told me ſo

Miſs HARLOW.

Oh! ma'am, I ſee your drift——but you need not give yourſelf thoſe airs, ma'am---the men don't ſee with your eyes, ma'am---years, indeed!---Three and forty, truly!---I'll aſſure you---upon my word---hah! very fine!——But I ſee plainly, ma'am, what you are at---Mr. Clerimont, madam!---Mr. Clerimont, ſiſter! that's what frets you——a young huſband, ma'am——younger than your huſband, ma'am——Mr. Clerimont, let me tell you, ma'am——

Enter TRIFLE.

TRIFLE.

Oh! rare news, ma'am, charming news---we have got another letter——

Miſs HARLOW.

From whom?——from Mr. Clerimont?——where is it?

TRIFLE.

Yes, ma'am——from Mr. Clerimont, ma'am.

Miſs HARLOW.

Let me ſee it——let me ſee it——quick—quick—— [*reads*

" Madam,

" The honour of a letter from you has " ſo filled my mind with joy and gratitude,

" that

" that I want words of force to reach but
" half my meaning. I can only ſay that
" you have revived a heart that was expiring
" for you, and now beats for you alone"—

There ſiſter, mind that!---years indeed!--
[*reads to herſelf.*

Mrs. HARLOW.

I wiſh you joy, ſiſter——I wiſh I had not gone to Ranelagh with her laſt week—— Who could have thought that her faded beauties would have made ſuch an impreſſion on him? [*aſide.*

Miſs HARLOW.

Mind here again, ſiſter.——(*reads*) " Ever
" ſince I had the good fortune of ſeeing
" you at Ranelagh, your idea has been ever
" preſent to me; and ſince you now give
" me leave, I ſhall, without delay, wait
" upon your brother, and whatever terms
" he preſcribes, I ſhall readily ſubſcribe to;
" for to be your ſlave is dearer to me than
" liberty. I have the honour to remain
" The humbleſt of your admirers,
" CLERIMONT."

There, ſiſter!——

Mrs. HARLOW.

Well! I wiſh you joy again——but remember I tell you, take care what you do.-- He is young, and of courſe giddy and inconſtant.

Miſs

Miſs HARLOW.

He is warm, paſſionate, and tender——

Mrs. HARLOW.

But you don't know how long that may laſt——and here are you going to break off a very ſuitable match,——which all your friends liked and approved, a match with captain Cape, who to be ſure——

Miſs HARLOW.

Don't name captain Cape, I beſeech you, don't name him——

Mrs. HARLOW.

Captain Cape, let me tell you, is not to be deſpiſed——He has acquired by his voyages to India a very pretty fortune——has a charming box of a houſe upon Hackney-Marſh,——and is of an age every way ſuitable to you.

Miſs HARLOW.

There again now!——age! age! age! for ever!——years—years—my years!——But I tell you once for all, Mr. Clerimont does not ſee with your eyes——I am determined to hear no more of captain Cape——Odious Hackney-Marſh! —— ah! ſiſter, you would be glad to ſee me married in a middling way——

Mrs. HARLOW.

I, ſiſter!——I am ſure nobody will rejoice more at your preferment——I am reſolved never to viſit her if Mr. Clerimont marries her—— [*aſide.*

Miſs

Miſs HARLOW.

Well! well! I tell you, Mr. Clerimont has won my heart—young—handſome—rich——town houſe, country houſe——equipage——To him, and only him, will I ſurrender myſelf——Three and forty, indeed!——ha! ha!——you ſee, my dear, dear ſiſter, that theſe features are ſtill regular and blooming;——that the love-darting eye has not quite forſook me; and that I have made a conqueſt which your boaſted youth might be vain of——

Mrs. HARLOW.

Oh! ma'am, I beg your pardon if I have taken too much liberty for your good——

Miſs HARLOW.

I humbly thank you for your advice, my ſweet dear, friendly ſiſter——But don't envy me, I beg you won't;——don't fret yourſelf; you can't conceive what a deal of good a ſerenity of mind will do your health——I'll go and write an anſwer directly to this charming, charming letter—ſiſter—yours—I ſhall be glad to ſee you, ſiſter, at my houſe in Hill-ſtreet, when I am Mrs. Clerimont——and remember what I tell you——that ſome faces retain their bloom and beauty longer than you imagine——my dear ſiſter——Come, Trifle——let me fly this moment——Siſter, your ſervant. [*Exit with Trifle.*

Mrs.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Your ſervant, my dear!——well!—I am determined to lead the gayeſt life in nature, if ſhe marries Clerimont.——I'll have a new equipage, that's one thing—and I'll have greater routs than her, that's another——Poſitively, I muſt outſhine her there—and I'll keep up a polite enmity with her—go and ſee her, may be once or twice in a winter—"Ma'am, I am really ſo hurried with ſuch a number of acquaintances, that I can't poſſibly find time"——And then to provoke her, "I wiſh you joy, ſiſter, I hear you are breeding"——ha! ha!—that will ſo mortify her——"I wiſh it may be a boy, ſiſter"—ha! ha!—and then when her huſband begins to deſpiſe her, "Really, ſiſter, I pity "you—had you taken my advice, and mar-"ried the India captain—your caſe is a com-"paſſionate one"——Compaſſion is ſo inſolent when a body feels none at all——ha! ha!—it is the fineſt way of inſulting—

Enter Mr. HARLOW.

Mr. HARLOW.

So, my dear; how are my ſiſter's affairs going on?

Mrs. HARLOW.

Why, my dear, ſhe has had another letter from Mr. Clerimont——did you ever hear of ſuch an odd unaccountable thing patched up in a hurry here?

Mr. HARLOW.

Why it is ſudden, to be ſure——

Mrs. HARLOW.

Upon my word, I think you had better adviſe her not to break off with captain Cape——

Mr. HARLOW.

No— not I——I wiſh ſhe may be married to one or other of them—for her temper is really grown ſo very ſour, and there is ſuch eternal wrangling between ye both, that I wiſh to ſee her in her own houſe, for the peace and quiet of mine.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Do you know this Mr. Clerimont?

Mr. HARLOW.

No; but I have heard of the family---There is a very fine fortune---I wiſh he may hold his intention.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Why, I doubt it vaſtly——

Mr. HARLOW.

And truly ſo do I—for between ourſelves, I ſee no charms in my ſiſter——

Mrs. HARLOW.

For my part I can't comprehend it—how ſhe could ſtrike his fancy, is to me the moſt aſtoniſhing thing—After this, I ſhall be ſurpriſed at nothing—

Mr. HARLOW.

Well! ſtrange things do happen;——ſo ſhe is but married out of the way, I am ſatisfied—an old maid in a houſe is the devil——— *Enter*

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT.

Mr. Clerimont, Sir, to wait on you——

Mr. HARLOW.

Shew him in (*Exit Servant*)——how comes this viſit, pray?——

Mrs. HARLOW.

My ſiſter wrote to him to explain himſelf to you—Well! it is mighty odd——but I'll leave you to yourſelves. The man muſt be an ideot to think of her——

[*Aſide and Exit.*

Enter Mr. CLERIMONT.

Mr. HARLOW.

Sir, I am glad to have this pleaſure.

CLERIMONT.

I preſume, Sir, you are no ſtranger to the buſineſs that occaſions this viſit.

Mr. HARLOW.

Sir, the honour you do me and my family—

CLERIMONT.

Oh! Sir, to be allied to your family by ſo tender a tie as a marriage with your ſiſter, will at once reflect a credit upon me, and conduce to my happineſs in the moſt eſſential point—The lady charmed me at the very firſt ſight.

Mr. HARLOW (*aſide.*)

The devil ſhe did!

CLERIMONT.

The ſenſibility of her countenance, the elegance of her figure, the ſweetneſs of her manner—

Mr. HARLOW.

Sir, you are pleaſed to——compliment!

CLERIMONT.

Compliment!——not in the leaſt, Sir—

Mr. HARLOW.

The ſweetneſs of my ſiſter's manner (*aſide*) ha! ha!

CLERIMONT.

The firſt time I ſaw her was a few nights ago at Ranelagh—Though there was a crowd of beauties in the room, thronging and preſſing all around, yet ſhe ſhone amongſt them all with ſuperior luſtre—She was walking arm in arm with another lady—no opportunity offered for me to form an acquaintance amidſt the hurry and buſtle of the place, but I enquired their names as they were going into their chariot—and learned they were Mrs. and Miſs Harlow. From that moment ſhe won my heart, and at one glance I became the willing captive of her beauty—

Mr. HARLOW.

A very candid declaration, Sir!——how can this be? The bloom has been off the peach any time theſe fifteen years, to my

knowlege——(*aſide*)—You ſee my ſiſter with a favourable eye, Sir.

CLERIMONT.

A favourable eye!——He muſt greatly want diſcernment, who has not a quick perception of her merit.

Mr. HARLOW.

You do her a great deal of honour—but this affair—is it not ſomewhat ſudden, Sir?—

CLERIMONT.

I grant it---you may indeed be ſurpriſed at it, Sir; nor ſhould I have been hardy enough to make any overtures to you,---at leaſt yet a while,---if ſhe herſelf had not condeſcended to liſten to my paſſion, and authoriſed me under her own fair hand to apply to her brother for his conſent——

Mr. HARLOW.

I ſhall be very ready, Sir, to give my approbation to my ſiſter's happineſs——

CLERIMONT.

No doubt you will——but let me not cheriſh an unavailing flame, a flame that already lights up all my tendereſt paſſions.

Mr. HARLOW.

To you, Sir, there can be no exception--I am not altogether a ſtranger to your family and fortune——His language is warm, conſidering my ſiſter's age---but I won't hurt her preferment——(*aſide*)——you will pardon me, Sir, one thing----you are very young——

CLE-

CLERIMONT.

Sir,---I am almoſt three and twenty.

Mr. HARLOW.

But have you conſulted your friends?

CLERIMONT.

I have——my uncle, Mr. Heartwell, who propoſes to leave me a very handſome addition to my fortune, which is conſiderable already——He, Sir——

Mr. HARLOW.

Well! Sir, if he has no objection, I can have none——

CLERIMONT.

He has none, Sir; he has given his conſent; he deſires me to loſe no time---I will bring him to pay you a viſit—He rejoices in my choice---you ſhall have it out of his own mouth——name your hour, and he ſhall attend you——

Mr. HARLOW.

Any time to-day——I ſhall ſtay at home on purpoſe——

CLERIMONT.

In the evening I will conduct him hither--in the mean time I feel an attachment here--The lady, Sir——

Mr. HARLOW.

Oh! you want to ſee my ſiſter——I will ſend her to you, Sir, this inſtant——I beg your pardon for leaving you alone——ha! ha!——who could have thought of her making a conqueſt at laſt—— *Exit.*

CLERIMONT (*alone.*)

Sir, your moſt obedient---now, Clerimont, now your heart may reſt content——your doubts and fears may all ſubſide, and joy and rapture take their place——Miſs Harlow ſhall be mine---ſhe receives my vows; ſhe approves my paſſion,——(*ſings and dances*) Soft! here ſhe comes----Her very appearance controuls my wildeſt hopes, and huſhes my proud heart into reſpect and ſilent admiration——

Enter Mrs. HARLOW.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Sir, your ſervant——

CLERIMONT.

Madam (*bows reſpectfully*)

Mrs. HARLOW.

I thought Mr. Harlow was here, Sir.

CLERIMONT.

Madam, he is but juſt gone——how a ſingle glance of her eye over-awes me! [*Aſide.*

Mrs. HARLOW.

I wonder he would leave you alone, Sir---that is not ſo polite in his own houſe——

CLERIMONT.

How her modeſty throws a veil over her inclinations!——my tongue faulters!——I can't ſpeak to her. [*Aſide.*

Mrs.

Mrs. HARLOW.

He ſeems in confuſion---a pretty man too! ——That this ſhould be my ſiſter's luck!--- [*Aſide.*

CLERIMONT.

Madam !——(*Embarraſſed.*)

Mrs. HARLOW.

I imagine you have been talking to him on the ſubject of the letter you ſent this morning.——

CLERIMONT.

Madam, I have preſumed to ——

Mrs. HARLOW.

Well! Sir, and he has no objection, I hope——

CLERIMONT.

She hopes! Heavens bleſs her for the word ----(*Aſide.*)----Madam, he has frankly conſented; if his ſiſter will do me that honour——

Mrs. HARLOW.

For his ſiſter, I think I may venture to anſwer, Sir——

CLERIMONT.

Generous! generous creature!

Mrs. HARLOW.

You are ſure, Sir, of Miſs Harlow's admiration, and the whole family hold themſelves much obliged to you——

CLERIMONT.

Madam, this extreme condeſcenſion has added rapture to the ſentiments I felt before; and

and it ſhall be the endeavour of my life to prove deſerving of the amiable object I have dared to aſpire to.——

Mrs. HARLOW.

Sir, I make no doubt of your ſincerity—I have already declared my ſentiments—you know Mr. Harlow's——and if my ſiſter is willing,——nothing will be wanting to conclude this buſineſs—If no difficulties ariſe from her—for her temper is uncertain—as to my conſent, Sir, your air, your manner have commanded it——Sir your moſt obedient—I'll ſend my ſiſter to you— [*Exit.*

CLERIMONT.

Madam, (*bowing*) I ſhall endeavour to repay this goodneſs with exceſs of gratitude—Oh! ſhe is an angel!—and yet, ſtupid that I am, I could not give vent to the tenderneſs I have within---it is ever ſo with ſincere and generous love; it fills the heart with rapture, and then denies the power of uttering what we ſo exquiſitely feel ---Generous Miſs Harlow! who could thus ſee thro' my confuſion, interpret all appearances favourably, and with a dignity ſuperior to her ſex's little arts, forego the idle ceremonies of coquetting, teazing, and tormenting her admirer—I hear ſomebody.—Oh! here comes miſtreſs Harlow—what a gloom ſits upon her features!---She aſſumes authority here I find ---but I'll endeavour by inſinuation and reſpect——

Enter Miſs HARLOW.

Miſs HARLOW.

My ſiſter has told me, Sir——

CLERIMONT.

Ma'am——(*bowing chearfully.*)

Miſs HARLOW.

He is a ſweet figure. [*Aſide.*

CLERIMONT.

She rather looks like Miſs Harlow's mother than her ſiſter-in-law—— [*Aſide.*

Miſs HARLOW.

He ſeems abaſhed——his reſpect is the cauſe——(*Aſide*)——My ſiſter told me, Sir, that you was here—I beg pardon for making you wait ſo long——

CLERIMONT.

Oh, ma'am (*bows*) the gloom diſappears from her face, but the lines of ill-nature remain—— [*Aſide.*

Miſs HARLOW.

I ſee he loves me by his confuſion;—I'll cheer him with affability—(*Aſide*)—Sir, the letter you was pleaſed to ſend, my ſiſter has ſeen——and——

CLERIMONT.

And has aſſured me that ſhe has no objection——

Miſs HARLOW.

I am glad of that, Sir---I was afraid—

CLE-

CLERIMONT.

No, ma'am, ſhe has none——and Mr. Harlow, I have ſeen him too——he has honoured me with his conſent——Now, madam, the only doubt remains with you;—may I be permitted to hope—

Miſs HARLOW.

Sir, you appear like a gentleman,--and—

CLERIMONT.

Madam, believe me, never was love more ſincere, more juſtly founded on eſteem, or kindled into higher admiration.

Miſs HARLOW.

Sir, with the reſt of the family I hold myſelf much obliged to you, and —

CLERIMONT.

Obliged!—'tis I that am obliged—there is no merit on my ſide—it is the conſequence of impreſſions made upon my heart; and what heart can reſiſt ſuch beauty, ſuch various graces!——

Miſs HARLOW.

Sir, I am afraid—I wiſh my ſiſter heard him (*aſide*)——Sir, I am afraid you are laviſh of your praiſe; and the ſhort date of your love, Sir——

CLERIMONT.

It will burn with unabating ardor——the ſame charms that firſt inſpired it, will for ever cheriſh it, and add new fuel——But I

preſume you hold this ſtile to try my ſincerity—I ſee that's your aim—but could you read the feelings of my heart, you would not thus cruelly keep me in ſuſpenſe.

Miſs HARLOW.

Heavens! if my ſiſter ſaw my power over him—(*aſide*)——A little ſuſpenſe cannot be deemed unreaſonable—Marriage is an important affair—an affair for life——and ſome caution you will allow neceſſary——

CLERIMONT.

Madam!—(*diſconcerted*)——oh! I dread the ſourneſs of her look!—— [*Aſide.*

Miſs HARLOW.

I can't help obſerving, Sir, that you dwell chiefly on articles of external and ſuperficial merit; whereas the more valuable qualities of the mind, prudence, good ſenſe, a well-regulated conduct——

CLERIMONT.

Oh! ma'am, I am not inattentive to thoſe matters——oh! ſhe has a notable houſehold underſtanding, I warrant her—(*aſide*)—but let me intreat you, madam, to do juſtice to my principles, and believe me a ſincere, a generous lover——

Miſs HARLOW.

Sir, I will frankly own that I have been trying you all this time, and from henceforth all doubts are baniſhed.

CLE-

CLERIMONT.

Your words recal me to new life—I ſhall for ever ſtudy to merit this goodneſs——But your fair ſiſter---do you think I can depend upon her conſent?——May I flatter myſelf ſhe will not change her mind?——

Miſs HARLOW.

My ſiſter cannot be inſenſible of the honour you do us all——and, Sir, as far as I can act with propriety in the affair, I will endeavour to keep them all inclined to favour you——

CLERIMONT.

Madam---(*bows.*)

Miſs HARLOW.

You have an intereſt in my breaſt that will be buſy for you——

CLERIMONT.

I am eternally devoted to you, madam—[*bows.*

Miſs HARLOW.

How modeſt, and yet how expreſſive he is! [*Aſide.*

CLERIMONT.

Madam, I ſhall be for ever ſenſible of this extreme condeſcenſion, and ſhall think no pains too great to prove the gratitude and eſteem I bear you—I beg my compliments to Mr. Harlow, and I ſhall be here with my uncle in the evening——as early as poſſible I ſhall come—my reſpects to your ſiſter, ma'am—and

——and pray, madam, keep her in my intereſt——Madam, your moſt obedient—I have managed the motherly lady finely, I think (*aſide*) Madam [*Bows, and Exit.*

Miſs HARLOW.

What will my ſiſter ſay now?——I ſhall hear no more of her taunts——A malicious thing!——I fancy ſhe now ſees that your giddy flirts are not always the higheſt beauties—Set her up, indeed!——Had ſhe but heard him, the dear man!——what ſweet things he ſaid! and what ſweet things he looked——

Enter Mrs. HARLOW.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Well, ſiſter!—how!—what does he ſay?—

Miſs HARLOW.

Say, ſiſter!—Every thing that is charming——he is the prettieſt man!——

Mrs. HARLOW.

Well! I am glad of it—but all's well that ends well——

Miſs HARLOW.

Envy, ſiſter!—Envy, and downright malice!—Oh! had you heard all the tender things he uttered, and with that extaſy too! that tenderneſs! that delight reſtrained by modeſty!——

Mrs. HARLOW.

I don't know tho'; there is ſomething odd in it ſtill——

Miſs HARLOW.

Oh! I don't doubt but you will ſay ſo—but you will find I have beauty enough left to make ſome noiſe in the world ſtill—The men, ſiſter, are the beſt judges of female beauty——Don't concern yourſelf about it, ſiſter—Leave it all to them——

Mrs. HARLOW.

But only think of a lover you never ſaw but once at Ranelagh——

Miſs HARLOW.

Very true!——but even then I ſaw what work I made in his heart—Oh! I am in raptures with him, and he is in raptures with me—(*Sings*) Yes, I'll have a huſband, ay! marry, &c.

Enter Mr. HARLOW.

Mr. HARLOW.

So, ſiſter! how ſtand matters now?

Miſs HARLOW.

As I could wiſh——I ſhall no more be a trouble to you—he has declared himſelf in the moſt warm and vehement manner—Tho' my ſiſter has her doubts—ſhe is a good friend—ſhe is afraid of my ſucceſs——

Mrs. HARLOW.

Pray, ſiſter, don't think ſo meanly of me—I underſtand that ſneer, ma'am.

Miſs HARLOW.

And I underſtand you too, ma'am—

Mr.

Mr. HARLOW.

Come, come, I deſire we may have no quarrelling—you two are always wrangling; but when you are ſeparated, it is to be hoped you will then be more amicable. Things are now in a fair way—Tho', ſiſter, let me tell you I am afraid our India friend will think himſelf ill-treated.

Mrs. HARLOW.

That's what I fear too—that's my reaſon for ſpeaking——

Miſs HARLOW.

Oh! never throw away a thought on him. ——Mr. Clerimont has my heart; and now I think I am ſettled for life—Siſter, I love to plague her—now I think I am ſettled for life—for life,—for life, my dear ſiſter—

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Dinner is ſerved, Sir.

Mr. HARLOW.

Very well! come, ſiſter, I give you joy—let us in to dinner.

Miſs HARLOW.

Oh! vulgar!—I can't eat—I muſt go and dreſs my head over again, and do a thouſand things;—for I am determined I'll look this afternoon as well as ever I can.—— [*Exit*

Mrs.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Is not all this amazing, my dear?——her head is turned——

Mr. HARLOW.

Well, let it all paſs—don't you mind it—don't you ſay any thing—let her get married if ſhe can—I am ſure I ſhall rejoice at it.

Mrs. HARLOW.

And upon my word, my dear, ſo ſhall I ——and if I interfere, it is purely out of friendſhip.—

Mr. HARLOW.

But be adviſed by me,—ſay no more to her.—If the affair goes on, we ſhall fairly get rid of her—Her peeviſh humours, and her maiden temper, are become inſupportable.—Come, let us in to dinner.—If Mr. Clerimont marries her, which indeed will be odd enough,—we ſhall then enjoy a little peace and quiet. [*Exit.*

Mrs. HARLOW.

What in the world could the man ſee in her?—Oh! he will repent his bargain in a week or a fortnight; that I am ſure he will —ſhe is gone to dreſs now!—ha! ha!—

Oh! how ſhe rolls her pretty eyes in ſpite,
And looks delightfully with all her might!

Ha! ha! delightfully ſhe will look indeed!—

[*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

Enter a Servant, and Capt. CAPE.

SERVANT.

YES, Sir, my maſter is at home—he has juſt done dinner, Sir—

Capt. CAPE.

Very well then; tell him I would ſpeak a word with him.

SERVANT.

I beg pardon, Sir; I am but a ſtranger in the family—who ſhall I ſay?—

Capt. CAPE.

Capt. Cape, tell him—

SERVANT.

Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

Capt. CAPE.

I can hardly believe my own eyes——— s'death! I am almoſt inclined to think this letter, ſigned with Miſs Harlow's name, a mere forgery by ſome enemy, to drive me into an exceſs of paſſion, and ſo injure us both—I don't know what to ſay to it—

Enter Mr. HARLOW.

Capt. CAPE.

Sir, I have waited on you about an extraordinary affair—I can't comprehend it, Sir--

Here

Here is a letter with your ſiſter's name—Look at it, Sir,—is that her hand-writing?--

Mr. HARLOW.

Yes, Sir—I take it to be her writing—

Capt. CAPE.

And do you know the contents?—

Mr. HARLOW.

I can't ſay I have read it—but—

Capt. CAPE.

But you know the purport of it?

Mr. HARLOW.

Partly.

Capt. CAPE.

You do?—and is not it baſe treatment, Sir?—is it not unwarrantable?—can you juſtify her?

Mr. HARLOW.

For my part, I leave women to manage their own affairs—I am not fond of intermeddling——

Capt. CAPE.

But, Sir—let me aſk you,—Was not every thing agreed upon?—Are not the writings now in lawyers hands?—Was not next week fixed for our wedding?—

Mr. HARLOW.

I underſtood it ſo.

Capt. CAPE.

Very well then, and ſee how ſhe treats me—She writes me here in a contemptuous

manner, that ſhe recals her promiſe;—it was raſhly given;—ſhe has thought better of it; ſhe will liſten to me no more;—ſhe is going to diſpoſe of herſelf to a gentleman with whom ſhe can be happy for life—and "I deſire to ſee you no more, Sir"—There, that's free and eaſy, is not it?—What do you ſay to that?—

Mr. HARLOW.

Why really, Sir, it is not my affair—I have nothing to ſay to it.—

Capt. CAPE.

Nothing to ſay to it!—Sir, I imagined I was dealing with people of honour.

Mr. HARLOW.

You have been dealing with a woman, and you know—

Capt. CAPE.

Yes, I know—I know the treachery of the ſex—Who is this gentleman, pray?

Mr. HARLOW.

His name is Clerimont—they have fixed the affair among themſelves, and amongſt them be it for me.—

Capt. CAPE.

Very fine! mighty fine!—is Miſs Harlow at home, Sir?—

Mr. HARLOW.

She is; and here ſhe comes too—

Capt.

Capt. CAPE.

Very well!—let me hear it from herſelf, that's all—I deſire to hear her ſpeak for herſelf—

Mr. HARLOW.

With all my heart.—I'll leave you together—you know, captain, I was never fond of being concerned in thoſe things— [*Exit.*

Enter Miſs HARLOW.

Miſs HARLOW.

Capt. Cape, this is mighty odd——I thought, Sir, I deſired—

Capt. CAPE.

Madam, I acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and, madam, the uſage is ſo extraordinary, that I hold myſelf excuſable if I refuſe to comply with the terms you impoſe upon me.——

Miſs HARLOW.

Sir, I really wonder what you can mean—

Capt. CAPE.

Miſtake me not, madam; I am not come to whimper or to whine, and to make a puppy of myſelf again—Madam that is all blown over.——

Miſs HARLOW.

Well then, there is no harm done, and you will ſurvive this I hope.

Capt.

Capt. CAPE.

Survive it!——

Miſs HARLOW.

Yes;—you won't grow deſperate I hope—ſuppoſe you were to order ſomebody to take care of you, becauſe you know fits of deſpair are ſudden, and you may raſhly do yourſelf a miſchief—don't do any ſuch thing, I beg you won't——

Capt. CAPE.

This inſult, madam!—Do myſelf a miſchief!—Madam, don't flatter yourſelf that it is in your power to make me unhappy—it is not vexation brings me hither, I aſſure you——

Miſs HARLOW.

Then let vexation take you away;—we were never deſigned for one another.——

Capt. CAPE.

My amazement brings me hither—amazement that any woman can behave—but I don't want to upbraid—I only come to aſk—for I can hardly as yet believe it—I only come to aſk if I am to credit this pretty epiſtle?——

Miſs HARLOW.

Every ſyllable—therefore take your anſwer, Sir, and truce with your importunity.——

Capt. CAPE.

Very well, ma'am, very well—your humble ſervant, madam—I promiſe you, ma'am, I can

can repay this ſcorn with ſcorn—with tenfold ſcorn, madam, ſuch as this treatment deſerves—that's all—I ſay no more—your ſervant ma'am—but let me aſk you—is this a juſt return for all the attendance I have paid you theſe three years paſt?——

Miſs HARLOW.

Perfectly juſt, Sir,—three years!—how could you be a dangler ſo long?—I told you what it would come to—can you think that raiſing a woman's expectation, and tiring her out of all patience, is the way to make ſure of her at laſt?—you ought to have been a briſker lover, you ought indeed, Sir,—I am now contracted to another, and ſo there is an end of every thing between us.——

Capt. CAPE.

Very well, madam,—and yet I can't bear to be deſpiſed by her—and can you, Miſs Harlow, can you find it in your heart to treat me with this diſdain?—have you no compaſſion?——

Miſs HARLOW.

No, poſitively none, Sir,—none—none—

Capt. CAPE.

Your own Capt. Cape,—whom you——

Miſs HARLOW.

Whom I deſpiſe.——

Capt. CAPE.

Whom you have ſo often encouraged to adore you.——

Miſs

Miſs HARLOW.

Pray, Sir, don't touch my hand—I am now the property of another——

Capt. CAPE.

Can't you ſtill break off with him?

Miſs HARLOW.

No Sir, I can't; I won't; I love him, and Sir, if you are a man of honour, you will ſpeak to me no more; deſiſt, Sir, for if you don't, my brother ſhall tell you of it, Sir, and to-morrow Mr. Clerimont ſhall tell you of it.——

Capt. CAPE.

Mr. Clerimont, madam, ſhall fight me, for daring——

Miſs. HARLOW.

And muſt I fight you too, moſt noble, valiant captain?——

Capt. CAPE.

Laughed at too!——

Miſs HARLOW.

What a paſſion you are in!—I can't bear to ſee a man in ſuch a paſſion—Oh! I have a happy riddance of you—the violence of your temper is dreadful—I won't ſtay a moment longer with you—you frighten me—you have your anſwer,—and ſo your ſervant Sir—— [*Exit.*

Capt. CAPE.

Ay! ſhe is gone off like a fury, and the furies catch her, ſay I—I will never put up

with this—I will find out this Mr. Clerimont, and he ſhall be accountable to me—Mr. Harlow too ſhall be accountable to me.——

Enter Mr. and Mrs. HARLOW.

Capt. CAPE.

Mr. Harlow—I am uſed very ill here, Sir, by all of you, and Sir, let me tell you—

Mr. HARLOW.

Nay; don't be angry with me, Sir,—I was not to marry you——

Capt. CAPE.

But Sir, I can't help being angry—I muſt be angry—and let me tell you, you don't behave like a gentleman.

Mrs. HARLOW.

How can Mr. Harlow help it, Sir, if my ſiſter——

Mr. HARLOW.

You are too warm; you are indeed, Sir,—let us both talk this matter over a bottle—

Capt. CAPE.

No, Sir—no bottle—over a cannon, if you will——

Mrs. HARLOW.

Mercy on me, Sir,—I beg you wont talk in that terrible manner—you frighten me, Sir.——

Mr. HARLOW.

Be you quiet, my dear,—Capt. Cape, I beg you will juſt ſtep into that room with me; and if, in the diſpatching one bottle, I don't acquit myſelf of all ſiniſter dealing, why then—come, come, be a little moderate—you ſhall ſtep with me—I'll take it as a favour—come, come, you muſt——

Capt. CAPE.

I always found you a gentleman, Mr. Harlow, and ſo with all my heart,—I don't care if I do talk the matter over with you—

Mr. HARLOW.

Sir, I am obliged to you—I'll ſhew you the way—— [*Exeunt.*

Mrs. HARLOW.

It is juſt as I foreſaw—my ſiſter was ſure of him, and now is ſhe going to break off for a young man that will deſpiſe her in a little time—I wiſh ſhe would have Capt. Cape.

Enter Miſs HARLOW.

Miſs HARLOW.

Is he gone, ſiſter?——

Mrs. HARLOW.

No; and here is the deuce and all to do—he is for fighting every body—upon my word you are wrong—you don't behave genteelly in the affair.——

Miſs

Miſs HARLOW.

Genteelly!—I like that notion prodigiouſly—an't I going to marry genteelly?

Mrs. HARLOW.

Well, follow your own inclinations——I won't intermeddle any more, I promiſe you—I'll ſtep into the parlour, and ſee what they are about. [*Exit.*

Miſs HARLOW.

As you pleaſe, ma'am—I ſee plainly the ill-natured thing can't bear my ſucceſs——Heavens! here comes Mr. Clerimont——

Enter Mr. CLERIMONT.

Miſs HARLOW.

You are earlier than I expected, Sir.

CLERIMONT.

I have flown, madam, upon the wings of love—I have ſeen my uncle, and he will be here within this half hour—every thing ſucceeds to my wiſhes with him—I hope there is no alteration here, madam, ſince I ſaw you—

Miſs HARLOW.

Nothing that ſignifies, Sir—

CLERIMONT.

You alarm me——Mr. Harlow has not changed his mind, I hope.

Miſs HARLOW.

No, Sir—he continues in the ſame mind.

CLERIMONT.

And your ſiſter—I tremble with doubt and fear—ſhe does not ſurely recede from the ſentiments ſhe flattered me with.

Miſs HARLOW.

Why there, indeed, I can't ſay much—ſhe—

CLERIMONT.

How!

Miſs HARLOW.

She—I don't know what to make of her—

CLERIMONT.

Oh! I am on the rack—in pity, do not torture me—

Miſs HARLOW.

How tremblingly ſolicitous he is—Oh! I have made a ſure conqueſt (*aſide.*)——Why, ſhe, Sir—

CLERIMONT.

Ay,—(*diſconcerted.*)

Miſs HARLOW.

She does not ſeem entirely to approve—

CLERIMONT.

You kill me with deſpair—

Miſs HARLOW.

Oh! he is deeply ſmitten, (*aſide*)—She thinks another match would ſuit better—

CLERIMONT.

Another match!

Miſs

Miſs HARLOW.

Yes, another; an India captain, who has made his propoſals; but I ſhall take care to ſee him diſmiſſed.

CLERIMONT.

Will you?

Miſs HARLOW.

I promiſe you I will—tho' he runs much in my ſiſter's head, and ſhe has taken pains to bring my other relations over to her opinion.

CLERIMONT.

Oh! cruel, cruel!—I could not have expected that from her—but has ſhe fixed her heart upon a match with this other gentleman?

Miſs HARLOW.

Why, truly I think ſhe has—but my will in this affair muſt be, and ſhall be conſulted.

CLERIMONT.

And ſo it ought, ma'am—your long acquaintance with the world, madam—

Miſs HARLOW.

Long acquaintance, Sir! I have but a few years experience only—

CLERIMONT.

That is, your good ſenſe, ma'am—oh! confound my tongue! how that ſlipt from me (*aſide*)—your good ſenſe,—your early good ſenſe,—and—and—inclination ſhould be conſulted.

Miſs

Miſs HARLOW.

And they ſhall, Sir—hark!—I hear her—I'll tell you what—I'll leave you this opportunity to ſpeak to her once more, and try to win her over by perſuaſion—It will make things eaſy if you can——I am gone, Sir.

[*Curtſies affectedly, and Exit.*

CLERIMONT.

The happineſs of my life will be owing to you, Madam.—The woman is really better natured than I thought ſhe was——ſhe comes, the lovely tyrant comes——

Enter Mrs. HARLOW.

CLERIMONT.

She triumphs in her cruelty, and I am ruined—— [*Aſide.*

Mrs. HARLOW.

You ſeem afflicted, Sir—I hope no misfortune—

CLERIMONT.

The ſevereſt misfortune!——you have broke my heart——

Mrs. HARLOW.

I break your heart, Sir?—

CLERIMONT.

Yes, cruel fair—you,—you have undone me.

Mrs. HARLOW.

You amaze me, Sir, pray how can I—

CLERIMONT.

And you can ſeem unconſcious of the miſchief you have made—— Mrs.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Pray unriddle, Sir——

CLERIMONT.

Madam, your ſiſter has told me all—

Mrs. HARLOW.

Ha! ha! what has ſhe told you, Sir?

CLERIMONT.

It may be ſport to you—but to me 'tis death——

Mrs. HARLOW.

What is death?

CLERIMONT.

The gentleman from India, madam—I have heard it all—you can give him a preference—you can blaſt my hopes—my fond delighted hopes, which you yourſelf had cheriſhed.

Mrs. HARLOW.

The gentleman is a very good ſort of man.

CLERIMONT.

Oh! ſhe loves him, I ſee—(*aſide*)—Madam, I perceive my doom is fixed, and fixed by you—

Mrs. HARLOW.

How have I fixed your doom?—if I ſpeak favourably of captain Cape,—he deſerves it, Sir.

CLERIMONT.

Oh! heavens! I cannot bear this—[*aſide.*

Mrs. HARLOW.

I believe there is nobody that knows the gentleman, but will give him his due praiſe—

CLE-

CLERIMONT.

Love! love! love!—— [*aſide.*

Mrs. HARLOW.

And beſides, his claim is in fact prior to yours.

CLERIMONT.

And muſt love be governed, like the buſineſs of mechanics, by the laws of tyrant cuſtom?—Can you think ſo, madam?

Mrs. HARLOW.

Why, Sir, you know I am not in love.

CLERIMONT.

Oh! cruel!—no, madam, I ſee you are not.

Mrs. HARLOW.

And really now, Sir, reaſonably ſpeaking, my ſiſter is for treating captain Cape very ill ——He has been dancing attendance here theſe three years——

CLERIMONT.

Yet that you know, when you were pleaſed to fan the riſing flame, that matchleſs beauty had kindled in my heart.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Matchleſs beauty!—ha! ha!—I cannot but laugh at that—— [*aſide.*

CLERIMONT.

Laugh, madam, if you will at the pangs you yourſelf occaſion—yes, triumph, if you will—I am reſigned to my fate, ſince you will have it ſo——

Mrs.

Mrs. HARLOW.

I have it ſo!—you ſeem to frighten yourſelf without cauſe,—If I ſpeak favourably of any body elſe, Sir,—what then?—I am not to marry him, you know.

CLERIMONT.

An't you?

Mrs. HARLOW.

I!——no, truly—thank heaven!—

CLERIMONT.

She revives me. [*aſide.*

Mrs. HARLOW.

That muſt be as my ſiſter pleaſes.

CLERIMONT.

Muſt it?

Mrs. HARLOW.

Muſt it?—to be ſure it muſt?

CLERIMONT.

And may I hope ſome intereſt in your heart.

Mrs. HARLOW.

My heart, Sir!

CLERIMONT.

While it is divided, while another has poſſeſſion of but part of it.——

Mrs. HARLOW.

I don't underſtand him!—Why, it has been given away long ago.

CLERIMONT.

I pray you do not tyrannize me thus with alternate doubts and fears—if you will but bleſs me with the leaſt kind return——

Mrs. HARLOW.

Kind return! what, would you have me fall in love with you?

CLERIMONT.

It will be generous to him who adores you.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Adore me!

CLERIMONT.

Even to idolatry.

Mrs. HARLOW.

What can he mean?—I thought my ſiſter was the object of your adoration.

CLERIMONT.

Your ſiſter, ma'am! I ſhall ever reſpect her as my friend on this occaſion, but love—no—no—ſhe is no object for that—

Mrs. HARLOW.

No!

CLERIMONT.

She may have been handſome in her time, —but that has been all over long ago—

Mrs. HARLOW.

Well! this is charming—I wiſh ſhe heard him now, with her new-fangled airs, (*aſide.*) —But let me underſtand you, Sir—adore me!—

CLERIMONT.

You!—you!—and only you!—by this fair hand—(*kiſſes it.*)

Mrs. HARLOW.

Hold, hold—this is going too far—but pray, Sir, have you really conceived a paſſion for me?

CLE-

CLERIMONT.

You know I have—a paſſion of the tendereſt nature.

Mrs. HARLOW.

And was that your drift in coming hither?

CLERIMONT.

What elſe could induce me?

Mrs. HARLOW.

And introduced yourſelf here, to have an opportunity of ſpeaking to me?

CLERIMONT.

My angel! don't torment me thus—

Mrs. HARLOW.

Angel! and pray, Sir, what do you ſuppoſe Mr. Harlow will ſay to this?

CLERIMONT.

Oh! ma'am—he! he approves my paſſion.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Does he really?—I muſt ſpeak to him about that—

CLERIMONT.

Do ſo, ma'am, you will find I am a man of more honour than to deceive you—

Mrs. HARLOW.

Well! it will be whimſical if he does—and my ſiſter too, this will be a charming diſcovery for her, (*aſide.*)—Ha! ha! well! really Sir, this is mighty odd—I'll ſpeak to Mr. Harlow about this matter this very moment——(*going.*)

CLERIMONT.

Oh! you will find it all true—and may I then flatter myſelf—

Mrs. HARLOW.

Oh! to be ſure—ſuch an honourable project—I'll ſtep to him this moment—and then, ſiſter, I ſhall make ſuch a piece of work for you— [*Exit.*

CLERIMONT.

Very well, ma'am—ſee Mr. Harlow immediately—he will confirm it to you—while there is life there is hope—ſuch matchleſs beauty!—

Enter Miſs HARLOW.

Miſs HARLOW.

I beg your pardon, Sir, for leaving you all this time—Well, what ſays my ſiſter?

CLERIMONT.

She has given me ſome glimmering hopes.

Miſs HARLOW.

Well, don't be uneaſy about her—it ſhall be as I pleaſe—

CLERIMONT.

But with her own free conſent it would be better—however, to you I am bound by every tie, and thus let me ſeal a vow—(*kiſſes her hand.*)

Miſs HARLOW.

He certainly is a very paſſionate lover—Lord! he is ready to eat my hand up with kiſſes—I wiſh my ſiſter ſaw this—(*aſide.*)—Huſh! I hear Capt. Cape's voice—the hideous Tramontane!—he is coming this way—I would not ſee him again for the world—I'll withdraw a moment, Sir—you'll excuſe me—

me—Mr. Clerimont—(*kiſſes her hand and curtſies very low*) your ſervant Sir—Oh! he is a charming man. [*Curtſeys, and Exit.*

Enter Capt. CAPE.

Capt. CAPE.

There ſhe goes, the perfidious! Sir, I underſtand your name is Clerimont——

CLERIMONT.

At your ſervice, Sir.

Capt. CAPE.

Then, Sir, draw this moment.

CLERIMONT.

Draw, Sir! for what?

Capt. CAPE.

No evaſion, Sir.

CLERIMONT.

Explain the cauſe.

Capt. CAPE.

The cauſe is too plain—your making love to that lady who went out there this moment——

CLERIMONT.

That lady! not I, upon my honour, Sir.

Capt. CAPE.

No ſhuffling, Sir—draw——

CLERIMONT.

Sir, I can repel an injury like this—but your quarrel is groundleſs,—and, Sir, if ever I made love to that lady, I will lay my boſom naked to your ſword,—That lady!—I reſign all manner of pretenſion to her——

Capt.

Capt. CAPE.

You reſign her, Sir.

CLERIMONT.

Entirely.

Capt. CAPE.

Then I am pacified—(*puts up his ſword.*)

CLERIMONT.

Upon my word, Sir, I never ſo much as thought of the lady.

Enter Mr. HARLOW.

Mr. HARLOW.

So, Sir—fine doings you have been carrying on here——

CLERIMONT.

Sir!

Mr. HARLOW.

You have been attempting my wife, I find——

CLERIMONT.

Upon my word, Mr Harlow——

Mr. HARLOW.

You have behaved in a very baſe manner, and I inſiſt upon ſatisfaction; draw, Sir—

CLERIMONT.

This is the ſtrangeſt accident!—I aſſure you, Sir,—only give me leave—

Mr. HARLOW.

I will not give you leave—I inſiſt—

Capt. CAPE.

Nay, nay, Mr. Harlow—this is neither time or place—and beſides, hear the gentleman; I have been over-haſty, and he has ſatisfied me—only hear him—

Mr.

Mr. HARLOW.

Sir, I will believe my own wife—come on, Sir——

CLERIMONT.

I aſſure you, Mr. Harlow, I came into this houſe upon honourable principles—induced, Sir, by my regard for Miſs Harlow—

Capt. CAPE.

For Miſs Harlow!—zoons, draw——

CLERIMONT.

Again!—this is downright madneſs—two upon me at once—you will murder me between you—

Mr. HARLOW.

There is one too many upon him, ſure enough,—and ſo, captain, put up—

Capt. CAPE.

Reſign your pretenſions to Miſs Harlow—

CLERIMONT.

Reſign Miſs Harlow!—not for the univerſe—in her cauſe I can be as ready as any bravo of ye all—(*draws his ſword.*)

Mr. HARLOW.

For heaven's ſake, Capt. Cape—do moderate your anger—this is neither time or place—I have been too raſh myſelf—I beg you will be pacified—(*He puts up.*)—Mr. Clerimont, ſheath your ſword—

CLERIMONT.

I obey, Sir—

Mr. HARLOW.

Capt. Cape. how can you?—you promiſed me you would let things take their courſe?—if my ſiſter will marry the gentleman, how is he to blame?—

Capt. CAPE.

Very well, Sir—I have done—ſhe is a worthleſs woman—that's all—

CLERIMONT.

A worthleſs woman, Sir!—

Capt. CAPE.

Ay! worthleſs—

CLERIMONT.

Damnation!—Draw, Sir!

Mr. HARLOW.

Nay, nay, Mr. Clerimont, you are too warm—and there's a gentleman coming—this is your uncle, I ſuppoſe—

CLERIMONT.

It is——

Enter Mr. HEARTWELL.

Mr. HARLOW (*aſide.*)

I'll wave all diſputes now, that I may conclude my ſiſter's marriage.

CLERIMONT.

Mr. Heartwell, Sir—Mr. Harlow, Sir.—

HEARTWELL.

My nephew has informed me, Sir, of the honour you have done him, and I am come to give my conſent.

Mr. HARLOW.

I thought it neceſſary, Sir, to have the advice of Mr. Clerimont's friends, as he is very young, and my ſiſter not very handſome.

CLERIMONT.

She is an angel, Sir—

HEART-

HEARTWELL.

Patience, Charles, patience.——My nephew's eſtate will provide for his eldeſt born, and upon the younger branches of his marriage I mean to ſettle my fortune.

Mr. HARLOW.

Generouſly ſpoken, Sir, and ſo there is no occaſion for delay—who waits there?—tell the ladies they are wanting—

HEARTWELL.

I have ever loved my nephew, and ſince he tells me he has made a good choice, I ſhall be glad to ſee him happy.

Capt. CAPE.

But, Sir, let me tell you, that your nephew has uſed me very baſely, and Sir—

Mr. HARLOW.

Nay, nay, captain,—this is wrong now; every thing was ſettled between us in the other room—recollect yourſelf—do, I beg you will—Oh! here come the ladies.

Enter Mrs. HARLOW, *and Miſs.*

Miſs HARLOW.

Now, ſiſter, you ſhall ſee I have completed my conqueſt—

CLERIMONT.

Now then I am happy indeed—my lovely, charming bride—thus let me ſnatch you to my heart, and thus, and thus——(*embraces Mrs. Harlow.*)

Mr. HARLOW.

Zoons! before my face——(*puſhing him away.*)

CLERIMONT.

Prithee, indulge my tranſport—my life, my angel!—

Mr. HARLOW.

I deſire you will deſiſt, Sir—

CLERIMONT.

Nay, nay, prithee be quiet—my charming, charming wife!—

Mr. HARLOW.

That lady is not your wife—

CLERIMONT.

How my wife,—not my wife!—extaſy and bliſs!—

Mr. HARLOW.

Come, come, Sir—this is too much—

CLERIMONT.

Ha! ha! you are very pleaſant, Sir.

Mr. HARLOW.

Zoons! Sir, no trifling—that lady is my wife—

CLERIMONT.

Sir!

Mr. HARLOW.

I ſay, Sir, that lady is my wife!

Capt. CAPE.

Ha! ha! I ſee through this——it is a comedy of errors, I believe—(*ſings.*)

HEARTWELL.

What does all this mean?

CLERIMONT.

Your wife, Sir!——

Mr. HARLOW.

Yes, my wife—and there is my ſiſter, if you pleaſe to take her—

CLE-

CLERIMONT.

Sir!—

Mr. HARLOW.

Sir, this is the lady whom you have deſired in marriage.

CLERIMONT.

Who I, Sir?—I beg your pardon—that lady I took to be your wife (*pointing to Miſs Harlow,*)—and that lady (*pointing to Mrs. Harlow*) I took to be your ſiſter—

Capt. CAPE. *and Mrs.* HARLOW.

Ha! ha! ha!—

Miſs HARLOW.

Lord! lord! have I been made a fool of all this time!—furies! torture! murder!—

Capt. CAPE.

Ha! ha!—my lady fair is taken in, I think—

Mrs. HARLOW.

Siſter, the men don't ſee with my eyes—ha! ha!

Capt. CAPE.

Ha! ha! the gentleman is no dangler, ma'am.—

Mrs. HARLOW.

This is a complete conqueſt my ſiſter has made—

Miſs HARLOW.

I can't bear this—Sir, I deſire I may not be made a jeſt of—did not you ſollicit me? —importune me?—

CLERIMONT.

For your intereſt in that lady, ma'am,—whom I took for Miſs Harlow—I beg your

pardon if I am miſtaken,——I hope there is no harm done.—

Miſs HARLOW.

Yes, Sir, but there is harm done—I am made ſport of—expoſed to deriſion—Oh! I cannot bear this—I cannot bear it—(*cries.*)

Mrs. HARLOW.

Don't cry, ſiſter—ſome faces preſerve the bloom longer than others you know—ha! ha!

Capt. CAPE.

Loll toll loll—

HEARTWELL.

I don't underſtand all this—is that lady your wife, Sir?

Mr. HARLOW.

She is, Sir.

HEARTWELL.

And pray, nephew—you took that lady for Mr. Harlow's ſiſter, I ſuppoſe——

CLERIMONT.

I did, Sir.—I beg pardon for the trouble I have given—I am in ſuch confuſion, I can hardly——

HEARTWELL.

Well, well! the thing is cleared up, and there is no harm done—but you ſhould have known what ground you went upon—ha! ha! I can't help laughing neither——

Mr. HARLOW.

Why faith, nor I—ha! ha!

CLERIMONT.

Since matters have turned ſo unexpectedly, I beg pardon for my miſtake, and Sir, I take my leave—(*going.*)

Miſs

Miſs HARLOW.

And will you treat me in this manner, Sir? will you draw me into ſuch a ſcrape, and not—

CLERIMONT.

Ma'am, that gentleman would cut my throat—his claim is prior to mine—and, I dare ſay, he will be very glad to be reconciled, madam.

Miſs HARLOW.

You are a baſe man then, and I reject you—Capt. Cape I ſee my error, Sir, and I reſign myſelf to you.

Capt. CAPE.

No, madam, I beg to be excuſed—I have been a dangler too long—I ought to have been a briſker lover—I ſhall endeavour to ſurvive it, ma'am—I won't do myſelf a miſchief—and I have my anſwer—I am off, madam—loll toll loll——

Mrs. HARLOW.

Ha! ha! I told you this, my dear ſiſter—

CLERIMONT.

Madam, I dare ſay the gentleman will think better of it—Mr. Harlow, I am ſorry for all this confuſion, and I beg pardon of the whole company for my miſtake—Mrs. Harlow, I wiſh you all happineſs, ma'am—angelic creature!—what a misfortune to loſe her!—— [*Bows and exit.*

Capt. CAPE.

And I will follow his example—Miſs Harlow I wiſh you all happineſs,—angelic creature! what a misfortune to loſe her!—upon my ſoul I think you a moſt admirable jilt, and ſo now you may go, and bewail your virginity in the mountains—loll toll loll— [*Exit.*

Miſs HARLOW.

Oh! oh! I can't bear to be treated in this manner—I'll go and hide myſelf from the world for ever—Oh! oh!—the men are all ſavages, barbarians, monſters, and I hate the whole ſex—Oh! oh!—(*cries bitterly,*) [*Exit.*

Mrs. HARLOW.

My dear ſiſter, with her beauty and her conqueſts, ha! ha!——

Mr. HARLOW.

Ha! ha! very whimſical and ridiculous—

HEARTWELL.

Sir, my nephew is young—I am ſorry for this ſcene of errors, and I hope you will aſcribe the whole to his inexperience——

Mr. HARLOW.

I certainly ſhall, Sir——

Mrs. HARLOW.

I cautioned my ſiſter ſufficiently about this matter, but vanity got the better of her, and leaves her now a whimſical inſtance of folly and affectation.

In vain the FADED TOAST her mirror tries,
And counts the cruel murders of her eyes;
For ridicule, ſly-peeping o'er her head,
Will point the roſes and the lillies dead;
And while, fond ſoul! ſhe weaves her myrtle chain,
She proves a ſubject of the comic ſtrain.

FINIS.

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